

The Rambling Boy.

To which is added,

75.

The NEW VAGARY O,
SHEPHERDS I have Lost my Love;
The DROP of DRAM,
Fight your Cock in the Morning.



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any other Shop.

The NEW VAGARY O.

MY name is honest Harry O,
 Marv I will marry O,
 In spite of Nell, or Isabel,
 I'll follow my own Vagary O.

With my rigdum jigdum airy O,
 I love little Mary O,
 In spite of Nell, or Isabel,
 I'll follow my own Vagary O.

Straight she is and bonny O,
 Sweet as sugar candy O,
 Fresh and gay, as flowers in May,
 And I'm her Jack-a-dandy O.

With my rigdum jigdum, &c.
 Soon to Church I'll bring her O,
 Where we'll wed together O,
 And when that's done, we'll both have fun,
 In spite of Wind or Weather O.

With my rigdum, jigdum, &c.
 So pleasantly they walked O,
 Then he turned up his organs O,
 So into bed with his maid he went,
 And still she cries don't teale me O.

With my rigdum, jigdum &c.
 Then he turn'd up his chanter O,
 And still she cries you please me O,
 For you'r the Buck has won my heart,
 And your my Jack-a-dandy O.

With my rigdum, jigdum, &c.

SHEPHERDS I HAVE LOST MY LOVE.

SHEPHERDS I have lost my love,
 Have you seen my Anna,
 The pride of every shady grove,
 Upon the Banks of Banna.

I for her my home forsook,
 Near yon misty mountain.
 Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
 Green wood shade, and fountain.

Never shall I see them more,
 Till with her returning,
 Every joy of life is over,
 Mirth is changing to mourning.

Whither is my charmer flown,
 Shepherd, must me sever!
 Wo is me! I fear she's gone,
 Alas! from me for ever.

The RAMBLING BOY.

I AM a raking Rambling Boy,
 My lodging is near Augnacloy;
 A Rambling Boy altho' I be,
 I'll forsake my Friends and go with thee.
 My Father offer'd me house and land,
 If that I'd be at his command,
 At his command I ne'er will be,
 I'll forsake them all love and go with thee.
 Billy, Billy I love you well,
 I love you better than tongue can tell;

I love you well but I dare not shew it,
I do my dear and let no one know it.

Was I a blackbird or a Thrush,
Chaunting my notes from bush to bush,
When all the House would be fast asleep,
Into my love's arms I would creep.

I wish I was some little fly,
On my loves bosom that I might lie;
That all the world may plainly see,
I lov'd a man and he not me.

Her father being out late at night,
He called for his own heart's delight,
He ran up stairs and the door he broke,
And found her hanging by a rope.

And in her bosom a Note was found,
To an Irish boy my poor heart was bound,
Dig my grave both large and deep,
And a marble stone to cover it.

And in the middle a Turtle-dove,
To shew the world I died for love,
My love was false and unjust to me,
Which brought me to this destiny.

A. D R O P O F D R A M.

SAYS Moll Drew to Widney, my husband's a sad man,
He ne'er allows me to take a drop of dram,
And when that I do get it, 'tis little that I
take,

And then it's all for the company's sake,
With your tittle tattle, prittle prattle, o'er
a cup of tea,

I cannot abide such nonsense I say ;

Come o'er across to Crowe's, he is a civil
man,

And has got a very private place to take a
drop of dram.

Says Widney to Moll Drew, my husband's
a sad lout,

For it's once in the month that we have a
mery bout,

I'd die of the hips if I did'nt get a sup,

For Moll you know, a drop is good, to keep
the spirits up,

Your Cyder and your Tody, and your smok-
ish flosps of ale,

I cannot quit, nor will not quit, until I drink
my fill,

For whilst I have got a bowl to pledge, a
poringer or pan,

I'll comfort my sick stomach with a little
drop of dram,

When Moll and I have drank enough, we
then call in poor Luke,

Then Moll and he and I do drink, untill we
all puke,

All that we have for it, is to stretch upon a
sod,

But not until upon my word we finish e'ery
drop,

Craw sick Luke he wakens, and he call for
mugs of ale,
Moll or I dont relish it, it looks so weak and
pale;
I wou'd not give a needle for't, a devil or a
dam,
The devil a thing cares Moll or I, but for a
drop of dram.

It was about last hollintide, that poor Moll
Drew fell sick,
She sent for Doctor R——, who swore her
pulse was quick;
He order'd her a two-milk whey, and plenty
of tezan,
And yet I heard Peg Whalen say that Noll's
a skilful man :
Poor Moll grew worse and worse, till the
Doctor gave her up,
Eur I who knew my neighbours way brought
in the old sup;
Your pills or your bolus's, or doctor's but a
sham,
The devil a thing cares Moll, Luke or me
but for a good dram.

The parson of the parish says that drinking
is a sin,
But Joe his clerk the night before swore he
had a full bowl in;
Our husbands and our neighbours scold, and
says our names are up,

God knows the parish old and young, be-
 grudges us a sup,
 But let them scold and rave away and bluster
 as they will,
 We will not quit nor cannot quit untill we
 drink our fill,
 For Moll and Luke are flatly of opinion as
 one,
 That it's neither sin nor shame for to take a
 drop of dram.

Fight your Cock in the Morning.

YOU young men all now draw near,
 The truth to you I will declare,
 Of a brisk young maiden fair,
 When dressing herself in the morning.
 She twig it away, stand your lay,
 Fight your Cock of a rainy day.

A brisk young soldier standing by,
 Upon this fair Maid cast an eye.
 To fight my Cock I you defy,
 To rouse me up in the morning.

See twig it away, &c.

They fought two hours as I suppose,
 Betwixt them there was sparing blows,
 Alas! poor Cock he hurt his nose,
 He fought so fierce in the morning.

See twig it away, &c.

Alas! poor Cook he lost his crow,
Then he began to puff and blow,
She gave to him the other blow,
He fought so fierce in the morning.

See twig it away, &c.

This maid she being a cunning jade,
She stroaked him down when he was dead,
Saying, now indeed you're fairly paid,
You'll fight no more in the Morning.

See twig it away, &c.

She says you are a tight young man,
For you I now will pawn my hand,
You shall have money at command,
For fighting so well in the morning,

See twig it away, &c.

See who can hinder the wind to blow,
Or who can hinder the Cocks to crow,
Or who can hinder my love and I,
To twig it away in the barley straw.

So twig it away, &c.



F I N I S.